

Good Morning 725

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



A.B. Ken Ormerod— There's a Lively Guest at No. 10

THERE'S a new "Sandy" George, after serving four years at 10 Walter Street, Old in the Middle East, is expected Trafford, Manchester, home of home very soon, and hopes to be A.B. Kenneth Ormerod. Her out of the Forces by this Christ-hair, mixed with a little white, mas. is just about the same colour as Ken's, and she keeps things very lively for Mrs. Ormerod while her sons are away.

You'll be pleased to hear, Ken, that the above-mentioned "she" is a very playful kitten, that has found a home with your hospitable mother instead of ending its young life in a canal or rainwater tub.

Your mother had six letters from you all on the same day about a week before "Good Morning" called to see her, and she's pleased to hear that you're having such a good time in Australia.

She met Neville home on leave from Portugal not long ago. He said he might meet you in the East some time. Stranger things have happened.

Ronald was home a few weeks ago, and married Jean during his leave. After a very enjoyable honeymoon, he has gone back to France.

Because of (or in spite of?) your persistent "tinkering" when you were at home, the radio is working just as every good radio should, and never gives any trouble.

The kitten would persist in undoing your mother's shoe-laces before she would pose for a picture, but when we explained it was for the "man of the house" she decided it might be good policy to co-operate.

Your mother sends her love and hopes you'll soon be home. Good hunting!

Tally-ho is Tops L.S. Bob Griffiths

LITTLE Terry Griffiths has just celebrated her third birthday, Bob, but "Tally-birthday, and one of her most Ho" is her favourite. "If she cherished possessions is the happens to wake up at night she "Teddy" her Daddy sent her. cries for it," your wife told us.

He named it "Tally-Ho"—it was made on board his ship—and now Terry won't go to bed without it.

So "Tally-Ho" had to come into the picture, Leading Seaman Robert Griffiths, when our photographer happened to make a call at 4 Ranelagh Road, Portsmouth.

She gets quite a lot of fun out of her rocking horse and tricycle, but it's a pram she wants most of all to take out her doll. And dolls' prams, of course, have almost disappeared from the toy shops.

Anyhow, Bob, Terry is providing wonderful company for your wife, and they go out together

D'you Remember These Famous Song Hits?

LIFE at sea has proved itself a powerful stimulant in more senses than one. For over twelve years Art Noel sailed the seven seas on tramp, tanker, dredger, liner, mine-sweeper. And all the time he wrote songs.

His first reward came at age 19—twenty-four years ago—when he sold one. He had written it in Honolulu, and received ten dollars for it in San Francisco.

More truthfully titled, perhaps, than any song ever written, it was called "I've travelled All Around the World."

One song followed another until one day, seated in a pub in the Mile End Road, Noel penned out the notes of "Sally."

On the tongue of Gracie Fields, who still sings it, this became an almost instantaneous success, and its composer has never "looked back." Exchanging his sea-boots for a piano stool, Noel trotted out success after success—"Good-bye, Hawaii"; "Kiss Me Good-Night, Sergeant-Major"; "I Wonder Why"; "What More Can I Say?"

One of his latest, "If You Ever Go to Ireland," has already reached the 250,000 mark.

MAKING RHYME.

A year seldom goes by without a hit by Art Noel. How does he do it? In his own words: "First I get a musical phrase on the piano, and then play round it. Next I think up a good title—a strong, appealing title, of course."

It sounds simple enough, but Noel qualifies its apparent easiness by the admission that, though all his hits may have been written in the matter of minutes, when once he has the song shaped in his mind, he has often waited weeks for a single satisfactory line.

Like story and play plots, but unlike most other good things, song themes often really do "just come."

The idea for "In a Monastery Garden," a song which a few years ago was on most people's lips and the strings of every light orchestra, came to Ketelby during a visit to a monastery while out motoring.

Both Ketelby and Noel are prolific song-writers, but the present day has yet to produce a composer with an output to equal in quantity some of those of the near past. Franz Schubert, born and wedded to music in Vienna, the world's great city of song, wrote more

a friend to sing the song for him. Unfortunately, the girl fell in love with the singer, and Schubert, intensely grieved yet wishing the occasion to be a happy one, sat down and wrote for her his beautiful "Serenade."

Then, still poor, and more lonely than ever, he slowly sank through despondency to death at thirty-one.

A close rival to Schubert in song production was Teschemacher; he turned out exactly the same number. But the world's lyrics champion was, I believe, Clifton Bingham.

Author of several best-sellers of a slightly earlier day than ours, including the favourites, "Love's Old Sweet Song" and "In Old Madrid," Bingham wrote no less than 2,000 songs, of which 1,600 were published and set to music.

Nine out of ten American song successes are almost equally successful in Great Britain. Unfortunately, however, British songs do not sell so well on the other side, nor does the number of British song composers even approach the U.S.A. total.

This is largely because the opportunities for exploitation on the American scale are not available to the British industry.

That accounts, too, for the Yankee song hits which at all times flood this country. There are, of course, exceptions to this dearth of British successes. Several British song-writers, knowing what is needed, have scored recent hits in both countries. In particular, there is Joe Gilbert, writer of a number of successes, his latest, "Shine On, Victory Moon," is already high in individual favour.

Noel Gay made a small fortune from the sales of his song "The Lambeth Walk," and the watchdogs of the Performing Rights Society are insuring that it is legitimately added to every time it is played in a

public place—which it still is, often.

A COAL MINE.

It is said that Ivor Novello's "Keep the Home Fires Burning," has suffered more imitations than almost any other song. The coal shortage called forth yet another flippant parody, "Don't Keep the Home Fires Burning." But imitations are sometimes an aid rather than a hindrance, even in the world of music, which is so stringently bound by the laws of copyright. At any rate, Novello's hit, written in the World War No. 1, still attracts individual farthings by the thousands from all over the British Commonwealth for its fortunate author.

Running it neck-and-neck in popular esteem at the time was "The Bells of St. Mary's," product of Emmett Adams, yet another of those fertile brains which seem able to turn out favourites with ease.

It is hard to believe that that evergreen favourite, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," is now over 70 years old. Hart Pease Danks wrote it to express his great love for his wife.

But Danks's romance, like Schubert's, had a tragic ending.

MARTIN THORNHILL
in this new series recalls
some of the popular songs
that once had the whole
country singing and has
a few secrets to tell of
how they were written.

than 600 song-melodies in his short life-time.

Music poured from him in inspired creation. His very speech was music.

But Schubert, musically eloquent, was, in his human contacts, a shy man; and when he fell deeply in love with one of his pupils, he was far too reserved to ask her hand in marriage.

Instead, he transposed his emotions to the song "Blossom Time," meaning to sing the piece to the girl he adored.

He waited for the mood to take him. But it never did. His shyness won, and he asked

This Also is Love

Royal Institution: Thursday evening. (December, 1820.)

MY Dear Sarah,
It is astonishing how much the state of the body influences the powers of the mind.

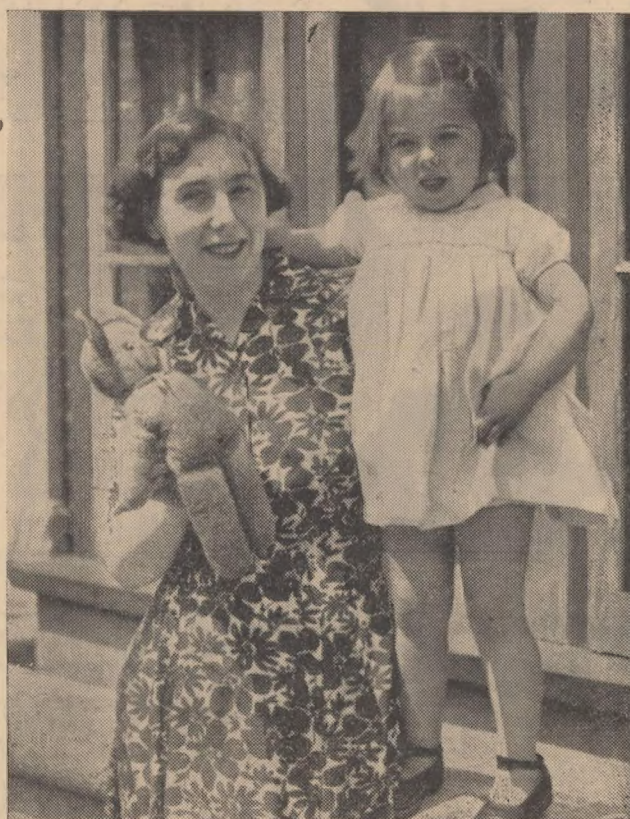
I have been thinking all the morning of the very delightful and interesting letter I would send you this evening, and now I am so tired, and yet have so much to do, that my thoughts are quite giddy, and run round your image without any power of themselves to stop and admire it.

I want to say a thousand kind and, believe me, heartfelt things to you, but am not master of words fit for the purpose; and still, as I ponder and think on you, chloride trials, oil, Davy, steel, miscellanea, mercury, and fifty other professional fancies swim before me and drive me further and further into the quandary of stupidity.

From your affectionate
Michael (Faraday) (1791-1867).

added a son to your circle of nephews and nieces.

But we guarantee, Bob, that your brothers would have a job to produce a prettier picture than this one of your wife and Terry. Don't you agree?



every afternoon. She loves to get down by the water and paddle around in her "sun suit."

All at Ranelagh Road send you their best wishes, Bob, and your wife asks me to say that everybody's fine.

And in case you haven't heard, we can pass on the news that you have just been made an uncle again twice over! Your brother Eddie's wife at Birmingham has presented him with a daughter, and Will's wife, in Wales, has

USELESS EUSTACE



"Worried! It's your third operation? Blimey! How d'you think I feel? It's my first!"

Years later he and his wife separated.

The loneliness killed him. They found him in a cheap lodging-house, clutching a copy of the song that afterwards made him famous.

Oddly enough, the incongruities of music contribute generously to its romances. "Home, Sweet Home," one of the most popular of English ballads, was written by an American composer who never had a home.

Brahms, author of the world's most beautiful cradle song, was a bachelor. America's cherished song-writer of the fascinations of the South was a northerner.

He had never even seen the Swannee River, the subject of his most popular song. He chanced upon the name in an atlas and thought it an improvement on that of Peedee River, which he had used in the earlier draft of his song.

We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Concluding THE HEATHEN MORO

DATU Alim's house was built slowly a voice caught his ear, about the disposal of the pearls round the room. He was waiting of teak in an open space A trader was speaking to a small group of his fellows. It's gardens ran for several acres "If we could only get proof," and retire on the proceeds. He looked into his room casually, then turned and went downstairs again and laid the key of his room ostentatiously on the counter of the office, bidding good-bye to the clerk, who knew he was going aboard the steamer which he sailed that night. Then he stepped out into the dark street.

Jud Harvey took his time. He wanted to give Eddie a chance. There was a lot of circumlocution he entered the house of a pangiran, and even after the visitor was in the reception room he might wait long enough before the Moro came to him.

All was done leisurely. There was no hurry, no excitement, no waste of energy.

As Harvey passed the hotel he turned in for a last drink. In the bar were gathered a number of the white residents of the town, gossiping over orangeade and limes. They were the pearl merchants with whom Jud and his friend had not been able to do any business in their particular line; but Jud bore them no grudge for that.

As he lifted his glass and drank

Once there he was all action.

He walked hurriedly along the teak house of Datu Alim.

A light was burning in the reception room and the windows were half closed.

There were no blinds, for the Datu had not yet reached that stage of civilisation where he understood the use of blinds.

A large mat of strung beads and fibre hung down from the ceiling. That was good protection.

Mosquitoes could not penetrate it, an intruder would be entangled in it. Behind it Datu Alim was quite safe.

Not a sound came from the large garden. Not a watchman was in the grounds. A heavy silence hung over the house and the forest.

The orange trees were laden with fruit which gleamed like gold balls in the night, touched as they were by an occasional shaft of silver moonlight.

Harvey entered the garden and crept along among the trees.

He recollected that this was the evening of the procession to the mosque and all the servants would be given a holiday from their usual labours. Thus the watchmen were absent.

He reached the window of the huge reception room and peered inside. Eddie Marsh was seated in a large divan, his hat on his knees and his eyes wandering

Jud gave a soft, low whistle and Eddie started, turned his head towards the window and nodded. He could not see Jud, but he recognised the whistle. It let him know that his partner was on duty.

Jud did not dare to speak to his friend, but he stood with his eyes just level with the window sill, looking inside the room.

He saw the heavy door of the reception room slide back in its grooves and the figure of the Datu come slowly into the room.

The Datu wore his long silk robes, and round his neck was the rope of pearls. Then Jud Harvey drew his head down into the shadow; and waited.

He could not hear the words of the men, though he heard their voices in a dim rumble. Came a third voice. Jud knew it was the voice of a servant: then came the clink of glasses as a tray was set down.

For ten minutes Jud waited. The murmur of the voices had grown soft. From the room there floated the perfume of tobacco. The Datu was smoking.

Jud knew every sign, every custom, as well as if he had been in the room. The Datu always smoked for a time with a visitor before he drank a little wine. The tobacco he smoked was from his own fields, and the wine from his own orchards.

The native servant, one of the low caste tribes, would still be in the room. Eddie's chance had not arrived just yet.

"The friendlier he gets with Eddie the better it will be," Jud muttered with satisfaction. "Evidently they are bargaining about the price of the fishing boat he thinks we want to hire."

It was "in the bag," that rope of pearls stolen from Datu Alim. But was it? The

Datu ruled by grim barong law!

Jud settled himself on the girdle, sign of his office of pangiran. He The Datu's eyes swept the bush. They moved over the spot where Jud crouched, stayed a moment on the blot made by Jud's figure, then moved away.

As he sat there in the shadow of a large flowering bush a swift gleam of light which suddenly showed round the corner of the house made him start and draw back deeper into the shadow.

The light of a lantern was swinging to and fro in a moving circle of yellow. Then round the corner came two men.

It was the Datu who first came with dignity, his silken robes trailing on the ground. On his off side was Eddie Marsh, and the Datu's hand was on Eddie's arm as he talked low and soft.

Behind them came a lamp bearer with bowed head and slow step. Jud pressed himself against the wall. The voice of the Datu came through the warm air.

"A bargain is a bargain. You shall choose the boat that suits you and then you shall be satisfied. I am always glad to lend a boat to white men. What does the Koran say? 'You shall have the just measure of your deeds.' I give you something now you shall give me something later. The garden is calm, is it not? Yet this is the night that brings the diabolts, the thief-birds. They hide in the trees, but they betray themselves. If you catch one it gives away its mate."

He pointed upward towards a tree and the lampbearer swung the lamp high. As the light touched the bush behind which Jud hid, the Datu moved forward.

Jud smelled the perfume of his robes and saw the pearls around his neck and the barong in his hand. Another few minutes passed and Jud heard the sound of voices in the room. Again came the tinkle of glasses and the bubbling of the wine as it was poured out. Then the door rolled in its grooves. The voice of the Datu came quite loudly through the curtain of beads and fibre: "Let us now settle our bargaining, white man."

Jud crept close to the window. There was a drone of the Datu's voice, then suddenly, a hoarse stifled cry, followed by a blow and a scream that died in a choking gurgle.

Jud stiffened. Eddie had had to use his knobstick after all! (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. What is the difference between Fauna and Flora?
2. What is the G.M.C.?
3. What does "Chester" mean in town-names like Winchester?
4. What is the longest chapter in the Bible?
5. How much is a "short ton," and in what countries is it used?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? August 23, May 21, June 26, February 29, September 28, March 29.

Answers to Quiz in No. 724

1. Gudgeon is a fish; dud-goon is indignation.
2. Defensively Equipped Merchant Ship.
3. Town.
4. 66.
5. 18-24ths.
6. Bolton is in Lancashire; others are in Yorkshire.

BEHIND THE SCREEN

By Cathryn Rose

FOR those who prefer the tatloid type of musical, Jack Hylton has presented "Laugh Town Laugh" at the Stoll.

It is really a variety show, but loses nothing by this, and has pace, glamour and talent. Heading the bill is one of the funniest men in the business, "Monsewer" Eddie Gray, of the red nose and drooping moustache, who is forever having trouble with his Indian clubs and the French language, not to speak of the audience.

Jack Hylton's clown, Freddy, is seen in his own musical act, and as a dummy in the "Monsewer's" ventriloquial demonstration. Hal Monty and Syd and Max Harrison provide more humour, Stephan Grappelly shows just what can be done with the violin, and for glamour and vivacity there is rapidly rising ex-Windmill girl Valerie Tandy. That girl will be going places ere long!

AFTER Esther Williams comes Edith Motridge. M.G.M. started something when they signed up the glamorous swimmer Esther as an actress, but her success has encouraged them to sign on her understudy for a featured role in "The Harvey Girls."

Miss Motridge swam in the 1936 Olympics and later became the National Backstroke Swimming Champion of the United States.

She is announced as being tall and curvaceous, with red hair and gorgeous smile, which sounds very nice to me.

WELL, who would have believed it? At the age of sixteen, Shirley Temple has announced that she will mix marriage and a career.

Since she became engaged to a twenty-four-year-old Air Force sergeant, Shirley has announced her belief that she can be a good wife and an actress.

It is also said that she will not be married for at least two years.

THE staff of the Army newspaper, "Stars and Stripes," are writing a book telling the paper's story since it began. The outcome will be a film made by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who have already acquired the story properties.

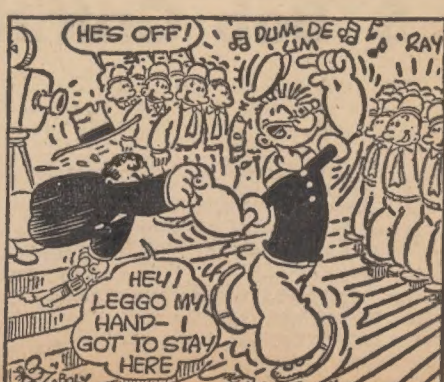
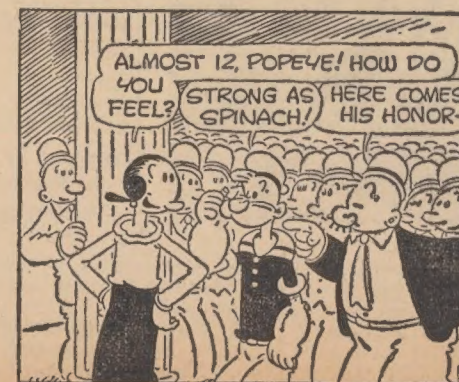
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



The Heathen Moro

(Continued from Page 2)

For a moment Harvey waited. Not a sound came from the room. Then, just as he was about to peer inside, the curtains parted and Eddie's small black bag was thrust out close to Jud's hand.

Jud seized the bag and dashed through the bushes. His heart was leaping in exultation. He had the pearls, and he and Eddie were safe.

He made straight for the wharf. Not a soul did he meet on the road. A boatman took him over to the mailboat, which lay in the bay.

As he mounted to the deck he looked across the water for a moment. Eddie would be coming along now. Visitors to the Datu

always found their way out of the house by themselves.

Only the porter at the door saw to their departure after they left the large reception room.

Jud ran down to his cabin and flung the bag on the locker.

He could not restrain himself. He wanted to see the rope of pearls. Lifting the handbag he pressed the spring and tilted it to one side.

A small bundle rolled out; a parcel of hastily wrapped rice paper.

A cry of horror escaped Jud Harvey's lips.

Out of the rice paper there rolled, not the rope of pearls, but—the severed hand of his friend Eddie Marsh, with the ring on the little finger!

Datu Alim, the important pangiran, had delivered his verdict, as usual, with his barong.

THE END

WHAT'S A FIDDLE WORTH?

Asks Roger Bunyan

VIOLINISTS were interested in a recent advertisement in a London paper, which announced that a Strad violin was for sale. No kind of musical instrument has been more faked than a Strad.

Only 540 violins genuinely made by Antonio Stradivarius are known to be in existence.

Musical experts estimate there are 10,360,000 labelled fakes.

Stradivarius lived between 1644 and 1737, and in all his lifetime is believed to have made only 1,060 violins and violas.

WHEN IS A STRAD . . . An expert could probably identify a genuine discovery by exact measurements, woods and varnish used—particularly the varnish, for its secret was known only to the old violin-makers of Strad's home-town, Cremona, and is said to have been lost.

Modern makers, with abso-

lutely accurate moulds of genuine Strads on hand, can almost exactly copy the grand old man's handiwork—but still the golden tone isn't there.

What is the secret? To this day nobody knows.

Some authorities give credit to the varnish. Others aver that the tone depends on the exact thickness, finish and age of the wood forming the sound-board. There are musicians who declare that you just can't analyse genius.

NOT A STRAD?

The Strad label itself means nothing. Unscrupulous dealers have faked thousands. Stradivarius himself used to write in the last two figures of the date in ink—unwittingly making forgery still easier.

What is a real Strad worth?

Present auction price varies between £3,000 and £10,000, but several museums have valued their own specimens at £20,000 and upward.

Present-day owners include Mischa Elman, with two, Heifetz, Henry Ford, Wanamaker (the U.S. store-owner, who has four) and Rudolf Wurlitzer, inventor of the modern cinema organ.

Many connoisseurs dispute Strad's reputation, and claim that violins by other masters are just as good. Kreisler is a devotee of Guarnerius, born 20 years after Strad, and Paganini used to play a Joseph del Jesu.

Some enthusiasts claim that the finest violins ever are being made right now by a craftsman named Joseph St. Pierre, who has been carving them for the past 30 years in a tiny workshop in Los Angeles—violins that bear no price-tags, but are sought after by the world's greatest musicians.

Wangling Words No. 664

1. Behead a wild fruit and get a country walk.
2. Insert the same letter six times and make sense of: mmoninswersstinremover.
3. What sort of connection can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: I'd — you to Halifax if it wasn't that my leg —.

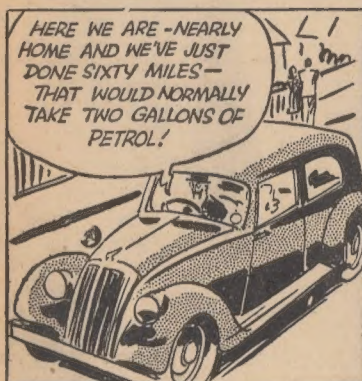
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 663

1. K-not.
2. Alice and Agatha are happy.
3. EEL, WINKLE, WHELK.
4. Teach, cheat.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



People are Queer

FATHER CORNELIUS O'KELLY has taken up his new appointment as curate at the Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady and the Apostles, Stockport.

Well? What about it? New curates take up new appointments all over the place all the time.

Yes. But look under that clerical hat and above that clerical collar. Know the face? It is known to a good many thousands of people in Britain and America—boxing fans. It's been a bit knocked out of shape in scores of fights at the National Sporting Club and at Madison Square Gardens. It's facing a different sort of fight now.

For Father Cornelius is our old friend Con O'Kelly, undefeated heavy-weight champ, of Northern England, one of the pluckiest fighters that ever climbed into the ring.

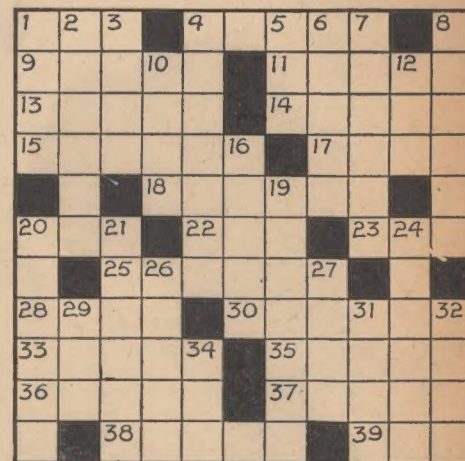
"Want to go into the Church, boy?" his father asked him, when he was sixteen. "I'd sooner go into the Ring," young Con replied, and he did.

He retired at the outbreak of war. After that he started thinking about his father's advice, and as a result joined up with the Roman Catholics. After going through training college he starts his new job.

D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

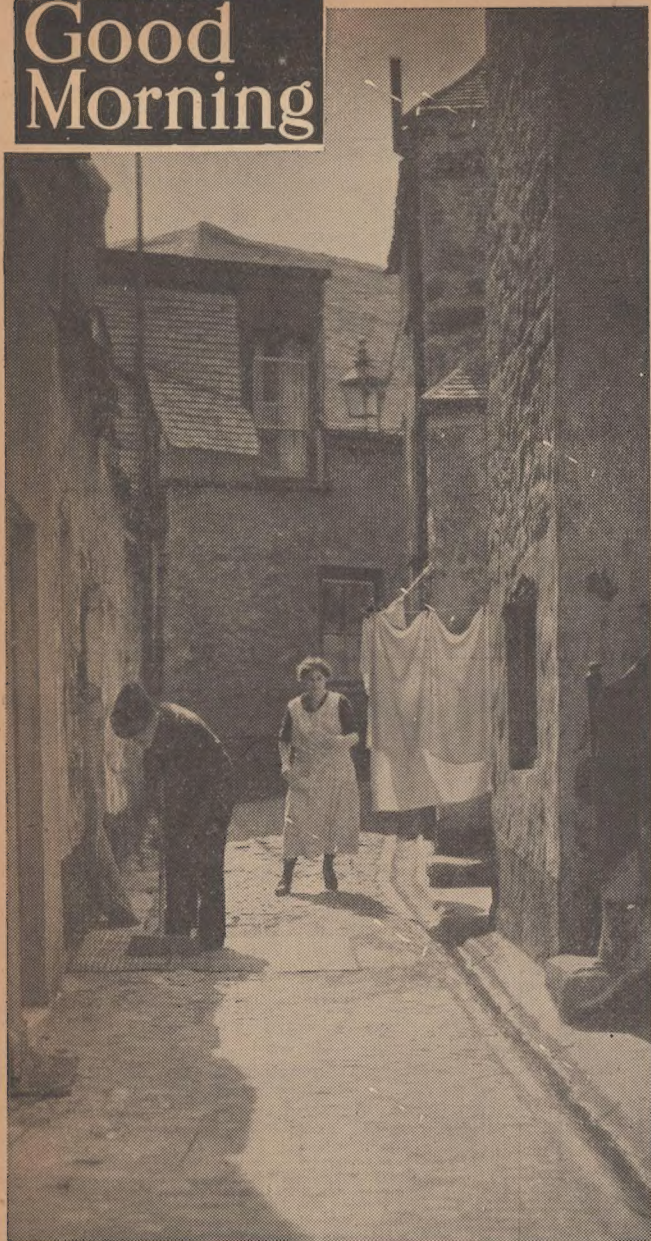
BLESS SHARP
RADIANT SOU
EXULT ROUSE
W CLEANSE S
SPEY BEETLE
E DAD I
HAGGIS PIED
U RIGHTED W
STAGE ORATE
KIT SATCHEL
SPENT SHOAL



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Bulge. 4 Garment. 9 Fruit. 11 Censure. 13 Fragment. 14 Restrained. 15 Empty. 17 Apteryx. 18 Rubber. 20 Scottish river. 22 Metal. 23 Urge. 25 Purify. 28 Gladly. 30 Lays eggs. 33 Present. 35 Girl's name. 36 Colonial native. 37 Fasten rope. 38 Link. 39 Go off course.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Nonsense. 2 Recess. 3 Maiden. 4 Exiles. 5 Go back. 6 Assuage. 7 Use of ridicule. 8 Transferring. 10 Valley. 12 Gull. 16 Singers. 19 Marksman. 20 Speak ill of. 21 Famous inventor. 24 Gin. 26 Accustom. 27 Backward. 29 Girl's name. 31 Milky liquid. 32 Swing round. 34 Mingle.

Good Morning



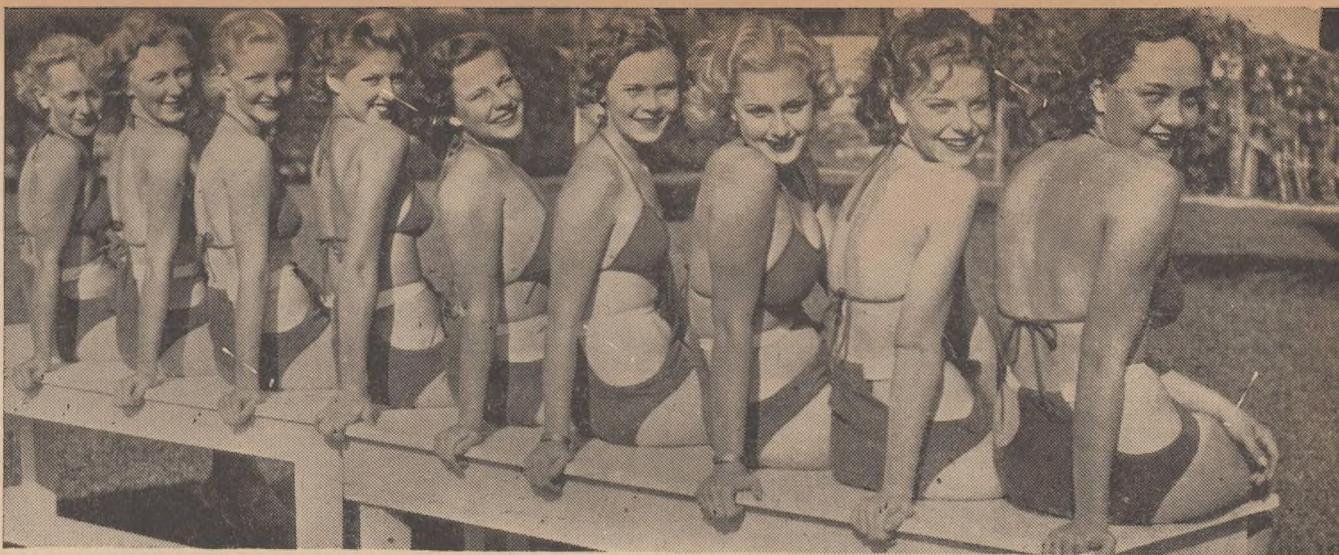
HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE!

If you want to be really popular, follow the line of this handy warrior who vigorously brushes the mat at the precise moment the good housewife hangs out her washing. Just a little incident in the quaint old cobbled street in the quaint old cobbled town of St. Ives, Cornwall.



GRAZING — ON THE EASY PLAN.

This Jersey cow knows a thing or three! Bored with browsing in the lush meadows, she wandered on to a golf-course and followed the mowing-machine. Now she feeds like city folk — cafeteria style!



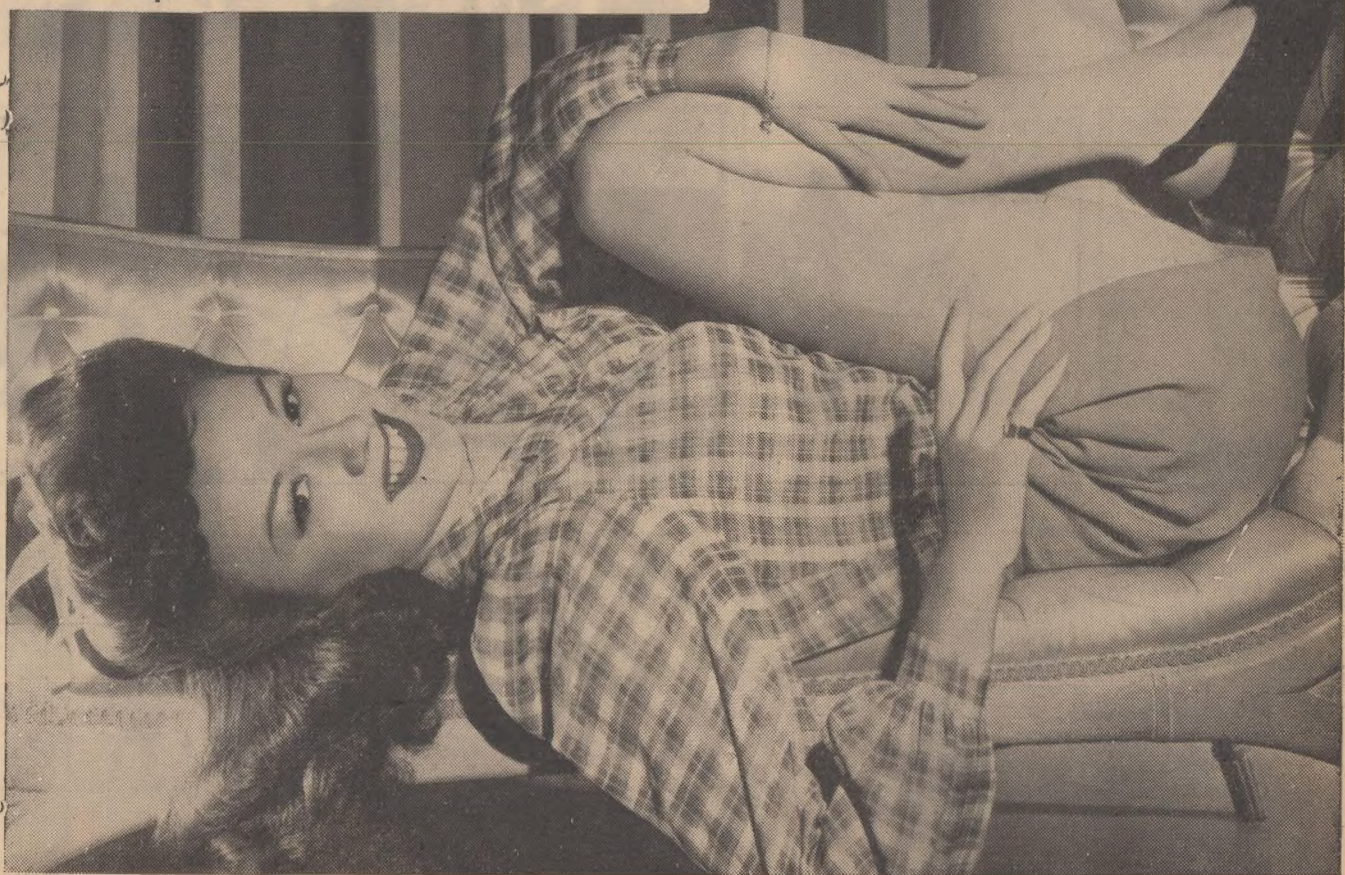
SUN - SPOTS !

Look at those sun-suits. Rub your eyes, and look at them again! Now learn that they are the latest in sun-ray suits — “especially designed to expose those parts of the body that are not usually accessible to the beneficial influence of the sun.” So help us, that’s what the inventor says!



NORTH SEA FISH QUEUE!

Tired of pictures of people queueing for fish to eat, to-day — at great expense — we publish a picture of fish queueing for a man to eat them. It happened in the North Sea. The fish are sprats. And Bob’s our uncle.



“The skin you love to touch” — with a slipper! Or, “She’s Much Better since she Fell Off the Organ.” In our opinion — as though it mattered — Hollywood’s Geraldine Farnum is much too cute for either caption to fit. But she’s, also, much too cute to allow us to think of a better one.